

JULIUS CÆSAR

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CHICAGO
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY



JULIUS CÆSAR

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

11



CHICAGO

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

PR 2808
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REVISED EDITION

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PREFACE

SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" was first printed in 1623. As in the case of most other Shakespearean plays, the date of its composition is not known with certainty. Scholars agree, however, that it probably was written between 1600 and 1608. Certain of the poet's contemporaries appear to have read it at some time between those years.

In his plot Shakespeare has closely followed the stories of Cæsar, Brutus, Antony and Cicero as they are given in Sir Thomas North's translation, through the French, of Plutarch's *Lives*. In only a few details does his account differ from that of Plutarch, and in many places he has used the very words of the translation. The fidelity of the play to historical fact is remarkable, and still more remarkable is the dramatic effect with which the poet has arranged his material while following his authority so faithfully.

At first thought we feel that the drama might better have been called by some other name, for in it Julius Cæsar appears but three times, and in these glimpses he does not seem to us the splendid character history makes him.

We may be sure that Shakespeare had his own good reasons for giving us the picture he has drawn in this play. The strongest men have their weaknesses, and the dramatist has chosen to show the less admirable traits of one to whose noble qualities he makes constant reference elsewhere. Nor is Cæsar's greatness denied him here: Brutus, Antony and even Cassius pay tribute to it, and while Cæsar the man may seem to play an inconspicuous part in the drama, Cæsar's spirit is felt throughout and in the end conquers where the man himself was powerless against his enemies.

H. W. B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR
 MARCUS ANTONIUS
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR
 M. AMILIUS LEPIDUS
*Triumvirs after death of
 Julius Cæsar*

CICERO
 PUBLIUS
 POPILIUS LENA
Senators

MARCUS BRUTUS
 CASSIUS
 CASCA
 CINNA
 TREBONIUS
 LIGARIUS
 DECIUS BRUTUS
 METELLUS CIMBER
*Conspiritors against Julius
 Cæsar*

FLAVIUS
 MARULLUS
Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS
A Sophist of Cnidos

A SOOTHSAYER

CINNA
A poet

ANOTHER POET

LUCILIUS
 TITINIUS
 MESSALA
 YOUNG CATO
 VOLUMNIUS
*Friends to Brutus
 and Cassius*

VARRO
 CLITUS
 CLAUDIUS
 STRATO
 LUCIUS
 DARDANIUS
Servants to Brutus

PINDARUS
Servant to Cassius

CALPURNIA
Wife to Julius Cæsar

PORTIA
Wife to Brutus

SENATORS, CITIZENS, GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

SCENES: *In Rome, at Sardis and near Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of
bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

3 *Mechanical.* That is, being mechanics or workmen.

10 *In respect of:* compared with.

11 *Cobbler:* here, clumsy workman; often so used in olden times.
All through this scene the cobbler is joking with the angry
tribune; note the play on words in his speeches.

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow! 21

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? 30
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft 40
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,

18 *Out with:* provoked.

19 *Out:* here, having worn-out shoes.

28 *Neat's.* Neat is an old English word meaning cattle.

34 *Triumph:* celebration of a victory or victories.

36 *Tributaries:* those who pay tribute.

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

50

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

60

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

45 *Pass the streets:* pass through the streets.

48 *That Tiber, etc.:* so that the River Tiber, etc.

49 *Replication of your sounds:* echo of your shouts.

52 *Cull out:* make.

53, 54 *In his way that comes:* in the way of him who comes.

57 *Intermit:* suspend.

62, 63 *Till the lowest stream do kiss etc.:* that is, till the river
rises.

64 *Their basest metal:* the poor stuff of which they are made.

67 *Disrobe the images:* tear down the decorations on the statue of
Cæsar.

68, 72 *Ceremonies, trophies:* decorations.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

70

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Public Place.*

*Enter in procession with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course;
CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA;
a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord!

70 *Feast of Lupercal:* a celebration held every February in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. Shakespeare combines with this festival the triumph of Cæsar which in reality had taken place in the previous October.

72 *I'll about:* I will go about the streets.

73 *The vulgar:* the people of the lower classes.

75, 78 *These growing feathers, etc.:* that is, Cæsar's power will be lessened.

Scene II

4 *Run his course.* Antony was chief of one of the orders of the Luperci, or priests of Lupercal. One of the rites performed during the festival was a symbolic purification of the people, when the priests would run through the streets striking with a leather thong all who stood in their way.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd. 10

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon
Cæsar. 20

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

7 *Elders:* wise men.

8 *The barren:* childless women.

9 *Sterile curse:* curse of having no children. The touch of a priest's leather thong was supposed to bring good fortune, and Cæsar believed if Calpurnia were touched by Antony as he was running she might have a son.

11 *Set on:* proceed.

14 *Press:* crowd.

17 *Ides of March.* March 15th.

23 *Pass:* pass on. *Sennet:* a set of notes on the trumpet.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late.
I have not from your eyes that gentleness 30
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd— 40
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

24 *Order of the course:* running of the priests.

26 *Gamesome:* in a mood to enjoy sport.

27 *Quick spirit:* liveliness.

32, 33 *You bear too stubborn, etc.* Cassius means that Brutus has treated him unkindly, not like his good friend.

34, 36 *If I have veil'd my look, etc.* That is, if he has seemed cold to his friends it is simply because he has been thinking of his own troublesome affairs.

37 *Passions of some difference:* conflicting feelings.

38 *Conceptions only proper to myself:* thoughts that must not be told to others.

39 *Give some soil to my behaviours:* affect my behavior.

42 *Construe any further:* think anything else of.

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus, 51
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself 60
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself

45 *Passion*: feeling.

46 *By means whereof*: because of which. *Buried*: hidden.

50 *'Tis just*: it is just so.

52, 53 *Turn ... into your eye*: make plain to you.

54 *Shadow*: reflection.

55 *Of the best respect*: most highly respected.

58 *Had his eyes*: could see himself as he is.

62 *Therefore*. Cassius is going on with his argument without listening to what Brutus has to say, so eager is he to convince his friend.

That of yourself which you yet know not of.
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester; if you know
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
 And after scandal them, or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

70

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
 people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?

80

If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently,
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

67 *Jealous on me*: distrustful of me.

68 *Laughèr*: joker. *Did use*: were in the habit of.

69 *To stale*: to make stale.

70 *Every new protester*: every new person who calls himself a friend.

72 *Scandal*: defame.

73, 74 *Profess myself ... to all the rout*: profess friendship for anybody and everybody I meet.

79 *Hold*: detain.

82, 83 *Honour in one eye, etc.* Brutus means that he will approve of anything that is for his country's real good, whether it means honor or death for him.

84 *Speed me*: make me prosper.

85 *The name of honour*: the name of being an honorable man.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self, 90
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word, 100
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, "Help me Cassius, or I sink!"
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber

86 *That virtue:* that is, the love of honor.

87 *Favour:* appearance.

90 *My single self:* myself.

92 *Such a thing as I myself:* a man no better than I.

97 *The troubled Tiber:* when the stormy Tiber. *Chafing with:* rubbing against.

100 *Upon the word:* as soon as he had spoken.

103 *Torrent:* stream.

105 *Stemming it with hearts of controversy:* fighting the current bravely.

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man 111
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their color fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan; 120
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish]

Brut. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar. 130

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

118 *From their color fly:* grew white. He likens them to a cowardly soldier deserting his flag.

119 *Bend:* glance.

120 *His lustre:* its luster.

124 *As a sick girl:* like a sick girl.

125 *Of such a feeble temper:* so weak.

136 *Our stars.* People used to believe that the stars had an influence upon our lives. Hence the expression "born under a lucky star."

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar; what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name; ¹⁴⁰
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome, ¹⁵⁰
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

138 *Brutus and Cæsar.* Cassius means to compare the two. *What Should be in that Cæsar?*: what is there so wonderful about Cæsar?

142 *Conjure with 'em:* use them as a charm.

143 *Start:* call up.

146 *Age, etc.* Cassius reproaches the age in which he lives. *Shamed* made shameful.

147 *Bloods:* men of spirit.

149 *Fam'd with:* famous for.

152 *Rome...and room enough.* Up to Shakespeare's time "Rome" and "room" were pronounced alike. This, therefore, is a play on words.

153 *But one only man:* only one man.

155 *A Brutus once:* Lucius Junius Brutus, a patriotic Roman who is supposed to have lived about 500 B. C. *Brooked:* allowed.

156 *Keep his state:* hold his court.

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this and of these times, 160
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said
 I will consider; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time 170
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad
 That my weak words have struck but thus much show
 Of fire from Brutus.

Enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

157 *As easily as a king:* as soon as he would have allowed a king
 to rule.

158 *I am nothing jealous:* I do not doubt.

159 *What you would work me to, I have some aim:* I have an idea
 what you wish to rouse me to do.

161, 163 *For this present I would not be any further moved:*
 just now, if I may ask it of you as a friend, I do not wish
 to be argued with.

167 *Chew upon this:* think this over.

169 *Repute himself:* call himself.

170 *These hard conditions as:* such hard conditions as.

172 *But thus much:* even this much.

177 *Proceeded:* happened.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train: 180
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; 190
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music; 200
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit

179 *The angry spot doth glow:* there is a frown.

180 *Chidden:* scolded.

182 *Ferret:* sharp.

183 *As we have seen him:* as we have seen him look with.

184 *Cross'd in conference:* opposed in debate.

193 *Well given:* well meaning.

195 *If my name were liable to fear:* if Cæsar could be afraid.

198, 199 *Looks quite through:* sees the motive of.

201 *Sort:* way.

That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. 210

[Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a'shoutng.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too. 220

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay! marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

203 *Moved*: made.

204 *At heart's ease*: content.

205 *Whiles they behold a greater*: as long as there is a greater man.

208 *Always I am Cæsar*. A reminder that Cæsar is above fear.

213 *Sad*: grave.

224 *Marry was't*: indeed it was.

225 *Other*: the other.

226 *Honest neighbors*: those about me. Ironical.

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca. 229

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet t'was not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 246

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness. 250

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I

235 *Fain:* gladly.

237 *Loath to lay his fingers off it:* unwilling to give it up.

239 *Rabblement:* crowd of common people.

247 *Soft:* wait, not so fast.

249 *Foamed at mouth:* foamed at the mouth.

250 *Like:* likely. *Falling sickness:* epilepsy.

am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, “Alas, good soul!” and forgave him with all their hearts. But there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away? ²⁷²

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

254 *Tag-rag:* common. *Clap him:* applaud him.

256 *Use to do:* are in the habit of doing to.

257 *True:* honest.

261 *Plucked me ope:* pulled open.

262 *An:* if.

262, 263 *Of any occupation:* a working man, one of the common people.

263 *At a word:* at his word.

267 *Worships.* This is irony; Casa scorns Cæsar for wishing to please the people.

268 *Wenches:* women.

276 *To what effect?* that is, what did he say?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understand him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? 284

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! 291
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you;
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, 300
I will come home to you; or, if you will,

277, 280 *An I tell you, etc.* For some reason Casca does not care to answer this; Plutarch tells us that he spoke Greek well.

282 *Put to silence:* punished.

285 *Promised forth:* engaged to go out.

287 *If your mind hold:* if you still wish me to come.

288 *Worth the eating:* be worth partaking of. Casca has rather a rough way of joking.

292 *Quick mettle:* high-spirited.

295 *However he puts on this tardy form:* no matter how slow he pretends to be.

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
 Thy honourable metal may be wrought
 From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
 For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, 310
 He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
 And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
 Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

303 *The world:* the affairs 'of the day.

305 *Honourable metal:* noble nature. *Wrought:* changed.

306 *From that it is dispos'd:* from what it is disposed to be.

209 *Bear me hard:* dislikes me, bears me malice.

311 *Humour me:* influence me.

312 *In several hands:* in several different handwritings.

314 *Writings all tending:* letters all speaking of.

315, 316 *Obscurely . . . glanced at:* hinted at.

317 *Seat him sure:* sit firmly, make himself secure.

Scene III

1 *Brought:* accompanied.

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by
sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

3 *All the sway of earth:* the whole earth.

6 *Riv'd:* Split.

8 *To be exalted with:* to be raised as high as.

13 *Incenses them to:* causes them in anger to.

13 *Not sensible of fire:* feeling no heat.

22, 23 *Drawn upon a heap:* huddled together. *Ghastly:* pale.

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 "These are their reasons,—they are natural"; 30
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca; this disturbed sky 39
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
 this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,

32 *Climate that they point upon:* land in which they happen.

34, 35 *Construe things . . . clean from the purpose, etc.:* give
 an explanation far from the real one.

39 *Sky:* here, atmosphere.

40 *Not to walk in:* not the kind to be out in.

42 *What night:* what a night!

45 *Those that have known, etc.* Cassius means that people who
 realize how wicked men are might well expect the gods to show
 their displeasure.

47 *Submitting me:* exposing myself.

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, 60
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

48 *Unbraced.* Throughout the play Shakespeare dresses his Romans
in English clothes.

49 *Thunder-stone:* a substance the Ancients believed to be pro-
duced by the thunder.

60 *Put on . . . cast:* clothe yourself.

63 *Why:* the reason of.

64 *Why birds and beasts from quality and kind.* That is, why
they behave contrary to their natures.

65 *Why old men, fools, etc.:* why old men become fools and chil-
dren show wisdom.

66 *Their ordinance:* what they were meant to be.

68 *Monstrous quality:* an unnatural state.

69 *Infus'd them with these spirits:* made them behave so.

To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roar
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls or beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

71 *Monstrous state:* unnatural condition of things.

82 *Woe the while! our fathers, etc.:* alas for the time! we lack our fathers' spirit!

91 *Therein:* in giving this way of release (that is the power to put an end to oneself).

95 *Can be retentive:* can confine.

If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

Casca.

So can I:

100

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate

110

So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!

Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this

Before a willing bondman; then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far

As who goes farthest.

Cas.

There's a bargain made.

120

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise

Of honourable-dangerous consequence;

114 *My answer . . . made:* I shall be called to account.

117 *Fleering:* grinning, sneering.

118 *Be factious.* That is, form a faction. *Griefs:* grievances.

121 *Mov'd:* prevailed upon.

123 *Undergo:* undertake.

And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend.—'Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
 Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.—

O Cassius, if you could 140
 But win the noble Brutus to our party!

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

125 *By this:* by now. *Stay for me:* await me.

126 *Pompey's porch:* "a large building connected with Pompey's theatre."

143 *Prætor's chair.* Brutus was prætor or city magistrate.

146 *Old Brutus:* Lucius Junius Brutus.

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

152 *Pompey's theatre:* first stone theater built in Rome. Here
games, gladiatorial contests and fights of wild beasts were
held and plays given for the amusement of immense audiences.
The building would accommodate forty thousand spectators.

156 *Yields him ours:* gives himself up to us.

159 *Countenance:* support.

162 *Conceited:* imagined.

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Luicus!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part, ¹⁰
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd ²⁰
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.

10 *It.* Brutus is musing on the deliverance of Rome.

11 *Know no personal cause to spurn at him:* have no personal
grudge against him.

12 *The general:* the general cause, the public good.

15 *Craves:* demands. *That:* suppose that done.

17 *Do danger:* do mischief.

19 *Remorse:* mercy.

21 *Common proof:* common experience.

26 *Base degrees:* lower steps.

Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"—

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 50

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

28, 29 *Prevent*: let us prevent. *The quarrel will bear no colour, etc.*

That is, since his behavior up to the present time does not
justify us for what we are about to do.

30 *Fashion it thus*: look at the matter in this way.

44 *Exhalations*: meteors.

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 "Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[Knocking within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar, 61
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. 'Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door 70
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

64 *First motion*: first impulse.

65 *Phantasma*: vision.

66 *The genius and the mortal instruments*. Scholars do not agree as to Shakespeare's meaning here. The most likely explanation is that by *genius* he meant "the spirit, ruling intellectual power," and by *mortal instruments* "the bodily powers through which it works."

70 *Brother Cassius*. Cassius had married Brutus's sister.

72 *Moe*: more.

73 *Hats*. See note on l. 48, Act 1, Sc. III.

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru.

Let 'em enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and
TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here 90
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru.

He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru.

He is welcome too.

79 *Evils*: evil things.

83 *Path*: walk. Some scholars believe this a misprint for *put*;
others think *hadst* or *hath* was intended.

85 *Prevention*: discovery.

86 *We are too bold*: we intrude.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? 100

[Brutus and Cassius whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east 110
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

100 *Shall I:* may I.

107 *Which is a great way, etc.:* which must be far to the south at
this season.

114 *If not, etc.* Brutus does not finish his sentence. He seems
about to say, "If the sad faces men wear, the suffering of our
souls, the abuses of the times, are not enough to make us hold
to our resolve," but he breaks off—"if these be motives weak,
let us stop here and each man go home to his bed of idleness."

118 *High-sighted:* supercilious. *Range:* move.

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

119 *By lottery*: as chance may determine.

123 *What need we*: what need have we.

125 *Than secret Romans*: than that of discreet Romans.

126 *Palter*: equivocate.

129 *Swear*: cause to swear. *Cautelous*: crafty.

130 *Suffering*: long-suffering.

133 *Even*: pure.

135 *To think that or our cause or our performance*: by thinking that
either our cause or the carrying out of our plan.

138 *Several bastardy*: distinct act of baseness.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with
him, 150

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cas-
sius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

150 *Break with:* disclose the matter to.

157, 158 *Of him a shrewd contriver:* in him a dangerous plotter.

164 *Envy:* malice.

169 *Come by:* reach.

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

176 *Their servants:* that is, our hands.

178 *Envious:* malicious.

186, 187 *All that he can do, etc.* He can harm only himself, by grieving for Cæsar.

188 *And that were much, etc.:* and that is a good deal to expect of him.

190 *No fear in him:* no cause to fear him.

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers, 200
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flattered.
 Let me work;
 For I can give his humour the true bent, 210
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

196 *Main opinion*: strong opinion.

204 *That unicorns, etc.* The story went that the hunter pursued by a unicorn would spring behind a tree, whereat the beast would spear the tree with his one horn and be held fast so that the hunter could despatch him.

205 *Bears with glasses.* Mirrors were used in the trapping of bears. A bear, surprised by the reflection of himself in a mirror, could be easily caught. *Elephants* were caught in pits as they still are.

210 *Give his humour the true bent*: put him in the right mood.

213 *Uttermost*: latest.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon 's; we'll leave you,
Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-
mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.—
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

218 *Go along by him:* go to his house.

226 *Bear it:* conduct ourselves.

227 *Formal constancy:* dignified self-possession.

231 *Figures:* pictures of the imagination. *Fantasies:* dreams.

237 *Ungently:* unkindly.

Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;

246 *Wafture*: wave, wafting.

250, 251 *Humour which sometimes, etc.*: caprice such as may seize any man.

261 *Physical*: wholesome.

262 *Humours*: moistures.

266 *Rheumy*: causing colds, etc.

You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' plaything, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;

268 *Sick offence*: harmful disorder.

271 *Charm you*: conjure you.

275 *Heavy*: sad.

283 *But as it were in sort or limitation*: only to a certain, limited, degree.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
 Here, in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!—
[Knocking within.]
 Hark, hark! one knocks.—Portia, go in awhile;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows.—
 Leave me with haste.— [Exit Portia.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
 you. 310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
 Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
 Caius,
 To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

295 *Cato's daughter.* Portia was the daughter of Marcus Portius Cato, the Roman philosopher. He was a Stoic famous for the purity of his life.

308 *Charactery:* lines of care. (Accented on the second syllable.)

313 *Vouchsafe:* here, vouchsafe to receive.

315 *To wear a kerchief.* Englishmen of Shakespeare's time when ill wore a kerchief on the head.

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,

324 *Mortified:* dead.

327 *Whole:* sound, healthy.

331 *To whom:* to him to whom. *Set on your foot:* proceed.

“Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!” Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten’d
me

10

Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

20

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos’d by the mighty gods?

13 *Stood on ceremonies:* believed in auguries.

25 *Use:* custom, what we are used to.

Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen; 30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas ! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time 60
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents, 80
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

67 *To be:* and yet be.

76 *To-night:* last night. *Statua:* statue.

80 *Portents:* omens. (Accent on second syllable.)

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now: The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

100

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give my my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

89 *Tinctures*: dies. *Cognizance*: badge or device. Both words are technical terms in heraldry. The interpretation of Decius seems to be that the Romans because of their love for Cæsar would wish to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood and preserve them as relics.

103 *Love to your proceeding*: affectionate interest in your career.

104 *Reason to my love is liable*: my love overbalances my reason.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?— 110

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.—

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within.—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will.—[*Aside*] And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

128 *That every like, etc.* that to be like a thing is not always to be
that thing.

129 *Yearns:* grieves.

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this. 10

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

7 *Security gives way to:* over-confidence opens the way to.

8 *Lover:* friend. The word is constantly so used by Shakespeare.

12 *Out of the teeth of emulation:* safe from attacks of envy.

14 *Contrive:* plot.

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 19
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press* to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou
been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar

6 *Constancy*: firmness.

9 *Keep counsel*: keep a secret.

18 *Rumour*: noise.

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. [To Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

42 *Brutus hath a suit.* This Portia says to Lucius, whose presence she has for a moment forgotten.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. ¹⁰

Cæs. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, ²⁰
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

³ *Schedule*: roll of paper.

⁸ *Serv'd*: attended to.

¹⁸ *Makes to*: presses toward, approaches.

¹⁹ *Sudden*: quick. *Prevention*: measures for preventing the carrying out of the plot.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and Senators take their
seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.³⁰

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.—

[*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood⁴⁰
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

28 *Presently*: Instantly. *Prefer*: present.

29 *Address'd*: ready.

36 *Couchings*: crouchings, bowings.

38 *Turn pre-ordinance* . . . *children*: turn what has been ordained
and decreed from the beginning, into laws as unstable as the
whims of children.

39 *Be not fond, etc.*: be not so foolish as to think.

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, 70
Let me a little show it, even in this,—

51 *Repealing*: recall.

54 *Freedom of repeal*: liberty to be recalled.

57 *Enfranchisement*: restoration to the rights of a citizen.

62 *No fellow*: no equal, none like it.

67 *Apprehensive*: endowed with reason.

69 *Holds on his rank*: remains firm.

70 *Unshak'd of motion*: not shaken by the movement of the rest.

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute!—Then fall, Cæsar!

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, ⁸⁰
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, ⁹¹
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

⁷² *Constant*: firm in my resolve.

⁷⁷ *Et tu, Brute!* Thou too, O Brutus!

⁸⁰ *Pulpits*: the rostra, a sort of raised platforms or chairs erected in the Forum from which to address the people.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages
hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,

100 *'Tis but . . . stand upon:* men accept the fact that they
must die; what they make much ado about is prolonging life as
long as they can.

116 *On Pompey's basis lies along:* at the base of Pompey's statue
lies prostrate.

So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away; 120

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. 130
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse. 140

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. *[Exit.*

132 *Be resolved:* have his doubts removed.

137 *Thorough:* here, through. *Untrod state:* new commonwealth.

141 *So please him come:* if it please him to come, if he will come.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands

144 *Well to friend:* firmly our friend.

146, 147 *My misgiving, etc.:* my suspicions are always justified.

153 *Be let blood:* be bled (a polite expression for murdered). *Rank:*
sick from repletion.

160 *Live:* let me live.

161 *Apt to die:* ready to die.

162 *Mean:* means.

163 *By Cæsar:* beside Cæsar. *By you:* and by your hands.

And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful; 170
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd 180
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius. 190

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,

175 *In strength of malice.* That is, strong as they are in their
hatred of tyranny.

182 *Deliver:* relate.

193 *Conceit:* think of.

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse? 200
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes, 210
 Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar. 220
 Friends am I with you all and love you all,

197 *Dearer*: more intensely.

205 *Bay'd*: brought to bay.

207 *Sign'd in thy spoil*: stamped with the marks of your destruction. *Thy lethe*: the stream which bears thee to oblivion.

208 *O world, etc.* Notice the play on the words *hart* and *heart*.

214 *Modesty*: moderation.

216 *Compact*: understanding. (Accent on second syllable.)

217 *Prick'd*: marked. The reference is to the custom of pricking a hole opposite names in a list.

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 230
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside*] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission, 240
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

222 *Upon this hope:* on the strength of this hope.

229 *Produce:* bear forth.

231 *In the order ... funeral:* in the orderly course of the funeral ceremonies.

248 *Advantage:* be to our advantage.

And say you do 't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral. And you shall speak 250
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Ant.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, 260
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds; 270
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;

258 *In the tide of times:* in the course of the world's history.

269 *Hands of war:* hands of warriors, or warlike hands.

270 *With custom of fell deeds:* by the frequency of cruel deeds.

271 *Ranging:* roaming, like a beast of prey.

272 *Ate:* the goddess of vengeance.

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming, ²⁸⁰
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!—

[Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; ²⁹⁰
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

276 *With carrion men:* with or by reason of the decaying corpses of
men.

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius, and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me
for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour,
that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and
awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was
no less than his. If then that friend demand why
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not
that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

4 *Part the numbers:* divide the crowd [of citizens].

10 *Severally:* separately.

15 *Have respect to:* consider.

16 *Censure:* judge.

Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 35

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

31 *So rude, etc.:* so uncultured as not to wish to be a Roman.

39 *The question of his death:* a statement of the reasons for his death.

Enrolled: set forth, explained.

41 *Enforced:* exaggerated.

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house. 50

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony, 60
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goes into the pulpit.]

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus
here. 70

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

59 *Do grace:* show respect to.

67 *Beholding:* indebted, beholden.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

80

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

90

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

100

91 *General coffers*: public treasury.

95 *When that*: when.

97 *Lupercal*: feast of the Lupercal.

'And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his
sayings. 110

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to
speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might 120
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

116 *Dear abide it:* pay dearly for it.

122 *And none so poor, etc.:* there is no one so low as to be able to
pay him respect.

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you.
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar; 130
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark
Antony. 140

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will, we'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will! 150

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

129 *Than I will wrong:* than to wrong.

132 *The commons:* the common people. *Testament:* will.

135 *Napkins:* handkerchiefs.

136 *For memory:* as a memorial.

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors! Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers! The will!
Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, 160
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

[Antony comes down.]

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony; most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back! room! bear back! 170

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, 180

152 *O'ershot myself*: gone too far. *To tell*: in telling.

167 *Hearse*. This word was in Shakespeare's time applied to any bier.

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua, 190
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

200

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

181 *Resolv'd*: assured, satisfied.

183 *Cæsar's angel*. That is, Brutus was as intimate with Cæsar as the angel who watched over the latter through life.

196 *Dint*: impression.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him. 210

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well 220

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move 230

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony.—Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of. 240

All. Most true;— the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards, 250
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go, fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches. 260

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

244 *Drachmas.* The drachma was a Greek coin worth about eighteen cents.

251 *On this side Tiber.* Cæsar's pleasure-gardens were on the opposite side of the Tiber from the Forum. Shakespeare followed the English translation in this error.

253 *To walk abroad:* to walk about in.

256 *The holy place:* the market-place or Forum, in which there was a part especially devoted to the burning of dead bodies.

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius 270
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Third Cit. Whither are you going?

Sec. Cit. Where do you dwell?

268 *Upon a wish:* just at the moment when I was wishing to see him.

271 *Are rid:* have ridden.

272 *Notice of . . . them:* information how I had moved the people.

Scene III

2 *Unluckily charge my fantasy:* load my imagination.

3 *Forth of:* out of.

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly. 10

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 31

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho!

9 *Directly*: straightforwardly.

12 *You were best*: it will be better for you.

18 *Bear me a bang*: get a blow from me.

34 *Turn him going*: send him off.

fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Room in Antony's House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand

4 *Publius.* This should be Lucius, who, however, was Anthony's uncle, not his nephew.

9 *How to cut off:* how to lessen the amount to be paid as legacies.
Charge: expense.

12 *Slight, unmeritable:* insignificant.

14 *The three-fold world divided:* when the three-fold world is divided.

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that 30
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,

The three men are about to divide the Roman world among themselves.

16 *Voice who, etc.:* vote as to who should die.

17 *Proscription:* dooming to death without legal proceedings.

26 *Empty:* unloaded.

32 *Wind:* wheel, turn.

34 *In some taste:* in some degree.

36, 38 *That feeds . . . imitations:* one that is satisfied to ape the manners of others.

Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property.—And now, Octavius, 40
 Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers; we must straight make head:
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the
 utmost

And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before the Tent of Brutus, in the Camp
 near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS
 and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,

39 *Begin his fashion:* are the beginning of a new fashion for him.

40 *Property:* something to be used as we please.

Scene II

6 *Greets me well:* his greeting is friendly.

7 *In his own change or by ill officers:* because of some change
 in himself or by the fault of his officers, who serve him ill.

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
ter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*]

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.— 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

23 *Hot at hand:* when reined in.

26 *Fall:* lower. *Jades:* worthless nags.

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man 50
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucilius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in
this:

41 *Be content:* restrain yourself.

46 *Enlarge your griefs:* set forth your grievances.

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers. 10

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

2 *Noted*: branded with disgrace.

5 *Slighted off*: set aside.

8 *That every nice offence, etc.*: that every slight offence should be noticed.

10 *Condemn'd to have*: accused of having.

11 *Mart*: trade.

20 *What villain, etc.*: who that touched his body was such a villain as to stab for anything else than justice?

23 *For supporting robbers*. That is, one of Cæsar's offences was allowing his soldiers to plunder.

And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in, I am a soldier, I, 30
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself:
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud
 heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

25 *The mighty space honours:* the honor which to us is so great a possession.

27 *Bay:* here, bark at.

30 *To hedge me in:* to put me under restraint.

45 *Observe:* treat you with deference.

47 *You shall digest the venom of your spleen:* you shall swallow the poison of your anger.

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;— 70
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my
heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus. 91

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100

75 *By any indirection:* by any unfair means.

80 *Rascal counters:* worthless coins.

96 *Check'd like a bondman:* reproved like a servant (slave).

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me 119
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;

111 *Who:* which. *Much enforced:* struck hard.

114 *Ill-temper'd:* not well mixed.

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; ¹³⁰
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?—
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you ¹⁴⁰

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

132 *Cynic*: rude fellow. The Cynics were a class of philosophers, so called because of their scorn for all refinement.

135 *I'll know his humour, etc.*: I will make allowances for his disposition when he chooses the proper time to disclose it.

144 *Of your philosophy, etc.* Brutus was a Stoic.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!—150
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,
And her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; 160
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Mes-
sala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony

151 *Impatient of:* unable to bear.

154 *Distract:* distraught, bereft of reason.

164 *Call in question:* examine into.

Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour. 170

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscription, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord? 180

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-
sala:

With meditating that she must die once, 190
I have the patience to endure it now.

168 *Power:* army.

169 *Bending their expedition:* directing their march.

172 *Bills of outlawry:* papers in which the men whose names were
written thereon were declared outlaws.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still, 200
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there, 210
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside

193, 194 *I have as much of this in art, etc.* Cassius means that as a student of philosophy he has learned the same lessons of fortitude as Brutus, but that his knowledge is only theoretical; he could not put it in practice.

195 *To our work alive:* let us set about the work which we as living men have to do.

204 *In a forc'd affection:* in a state of grudging support.

205 *Contribution:* supplies.

207 *By them:* by means of them.

208 *New-added:* with reinforcements.

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries. 220
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow, we will rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*—Farewell,
good Messala!— 230

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord!

213 *Tried the utmost of:* tested to the utmost.

227 *Niggard:* treat in a sparing, niggardly way. He means that they will not take much rest.

233 *This was an ill beginning, etc.* Cassius refers to their quarrel.

Bru. Good night, good brother!

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus!

Bru. Farewell, every one!—

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius and Messala.*]

Enter Lucius with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men; 241

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.— 250

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

240 *Knave:* 1ad. *O'erwatch'd:* worn out with watching, with being awake so long.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; ²⁶⁰
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.—

[*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument; ²⁷⁰
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see,—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art. ²⁸⁰

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Vanishes.*]

²⁷⁹ *Stare:* here, stand on end.

²⁸⁰ *Speak:* explain.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.— 290
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord? 300

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

305 *Set on . . . before:* set his troops in motion early in the
morning.

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.**Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
 You said the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions.
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
 But 'tis not so.

10

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

1 *Answered:* realized.

4 *Battles:* lines of battle.

5 *Warn:* challenge.

7 *In their bosoms:* in their secrets.

8 *Could be content:* would be glad enough.

10 *With fearful bravery:* with much display. *By this face:* by showing this bold front.

16 *Softly:* slowly.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? 19

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
MESSALA, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words: 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too?

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

19 *Exigent*: critical moment.

24 *Answer on their charge*: meet their attack.

25 *Make forth*: go forward.

34 *The Hybla bees*. Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for the excellence of
its honey.

35 *Not stingless too?* A hint that if he has stolen the bees' honey
perhaps he has stolen their sting also.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

50

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

48 *The cause:* to business!

56 *Added slaughter:* added another victim to.

56, 57 *Cæsar, thou canst not, etc.* Brutus means that he and his party
are not traitors to their country.

59 *Strain:* race.

61 *Peevish:* silly. *Worthless:* unworthy.

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony and their Army.]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. *[Standing forth]* My lord?

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. *[Standing forth]* What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day 71

Was Cassius born. Give my thy hand, Messala;

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

62 *Masker.* In Shakespeare's time masques were a favorite form of entertainment.

63 *Old Cassius still!* the same old scornful Cassius.

66 *Stomachs:* courage, inclination.

68 *On the hazard:* risked.

74 *As Pompey was.* Pompey, at the disastrous battle of Pharsalia, was overruled by his officers.

75 *Upon one battle:* upon the result of one battle.

76 *Held Epicurus strong:* firmly held to the doctrines of the Epicurean philosophy. Epicurus taught that the chief end of man was pleasure, by which he meant peace of mind and a calm, undisturbed life. Another doctrine was that the gods took no interest in human affairs, and hence omens and prodigies were only idle fancies.

And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd, 80
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd 90
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy 100

79 *Former ensign*: foremost standard.

82 *Consorted*: accompanied.

86 *As*: as if. *Sickly*: diseased and therefore about to die.

91 *Constantly*: firmly.

95 *Rest still incertain*: are always uncertain.

96 *Let's reason with the worst, etc.*: let us discuss what our position will be if the worst comes to the worst.

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself.—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life,—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? 109

Bru. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 120
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know,
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But is sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

101 *Cato* killed himself after a defeat in Africa when fighting for Pompey against Cæsar. Brutus blames him for thus ending his life, "for fear of what *might* fall," but later declares that he himself will commit suicide rather than be Cæsar's prisoner.

104, 105 *To prevent, etc.:* to cut short the natural term of life.

106 *Stay:* await.

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud alarum.]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down

[Exeunt.]SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.**Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord! 10
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;

1 *Bills:* notes, general orders in writing.

4 *Cold demeanour:* half-hearted fighting.

Scene III

1 *The villains:* Cassius is speaking of his own soldiers.

3 *Ensign:* standard-bearer; also, the standard itself. *It*, in the next line, refers to the latter.

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him. 30
Now, Titinius!—Now some light.—O, he lights too.—
He's ta'en;— [*Shout*] and, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

19 *With a thought:* as quick as thought.

29 *Make to him:* hasten to him. *On the spur:* spurring on their horses.

31 *Some light:* some dismount.

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
 Now be a freeman; and with this good sword, ⁴¹
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
 Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword.—[*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar,
 thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
 Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run, ⁴⁹
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun! 60
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
 The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come, our deeds are done!

33 *Swore thee:* made thee swear. *Saving of:* in the saving of.

51 *Change:* the turn of fortune's wheel.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears;—I may say, thrusting it,

For piercing steel and darts envomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.— [*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their

shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing!

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part;

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 90

[*Kills himself.*]

65 *Mistrust of my success:* fear as to the result of my mission.

68 *Apt:* ready, open to receive impressions.

71 *The mother:* that is, the mind in which the error was conceived.

89 *This a Roman's part:* this [act of suicide] is an act becoming to
a Roman.

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night 109
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What base man doth not? Who will go with
me?

96 *Own proper:* very own.

106 *Discomfort us:* discourage our men.

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil.

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

12 *Only I yield to die:* I yield only to die.

14 *Kill Brutus.* It is not clear why Lucilius pretends to be Brutus—perhaps to allow time for his general to escape.

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead: 30
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus! [Whispers.

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [Whispers.

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cl. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus! 10

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you;— and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history: 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence, I will follow.—

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

22 *Seest the world....how it goes:* You see what the state of affairs is.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. 51

[Runs on his sword and dies.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
 LUCILIUS, and the Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
 Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? 61

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

46 *Smatch*: smack, taste.

50 *Now be still*: now rest in peace. It was believed by superstitious people in Shakespeare's time that the spirits of murdered men wandered about until they were avenged.

60 *Entertain*: receive into my service.

62 *Prefer*: recommend.

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators save only he

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest, and let's away, 80

To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.

81 *Part:* share, divide.

JULIUS CÆSAR			
TIME ANALYSIS			
DAYS	ACT	SCENE	
1	I	1-2	February 15, 44 B. C. Feast of Lupercal.
			Interval—one month.
2	I	3	March 15, 44 B. C. Early morning.
3	II-III		March 15, 44 B. C. Ides. Assassination.
			Historical interval—one year, eight months.
4	IV	I	November, 43 B. C. Meeting of Triumvirate.
			Interval—several months
5	IV	2-3	Sardis, 42 B. C.
			Interval—at least enough for the army to march from Sardis to Philippi.
6	V		October, 42 B. C. Battle of Philippi

STUDY QUESTIONS*

1 What period of Roman history does this drama represent?

2 What is the theme of the play?

3 If Shakespeare designed to make this a drama of Julius Cæsar, why did he simply make use of Cæsar's death instead of his life?

4 Do you think the play is properly called *Julius Caesar*? Why, or why not?

5 Why does the play open with *The People*?

6 Name the places in the play in which *The People* appear, and show the dramatic purpose which they serve.

7 Compare Calpurnia and Portia in their domestic relations and character.

8 What dramatic purpose do they serve?

9 Does Portia betray his secret?

10 Portia has been called Shakespeare's most modern woman. Why?

11 *The Supernatural Element.*

a What use is made of the supernatural in the play? Is it introduced merely for enlivenment and to awaken interest, or has it a dramatic purpose in the movement of the play? If so, what?

b How does nature seem to sympathize with the spirit of the play?

c Make a list of the supernatural manifestations, omens, and so forth, and state where found, and who speaks of them or sees them.

d Can you feel that the whole atmosphere of the play is electrical?

*From *Outline Studies in the Shakespearean Drama*. By Mary E. Ferris-Gettemy. A. Flanagan Company, Chicago.

12 *Cassius and the Conspiracy.*

- a Why does Cassius plan the conspiracy?
- b Make a list of the steps and arguments by which Cassius wins Brutus.
- c By which he wins Casca.
- d Compare Brutus and Casca and show why each was necessary to make the conspiracy a success.
- e How does Cassius show his ability in making up the band of conspirators?
- f Is he a true patriot?
- g Estimate his character as a man.

13 *Brutus.*

- a At the very opening of the play, to which party does he belong?
- b Why does Cassius select Brutus as the first to be persuaded to join him?
- c What traits of character does Brutus show in his conversation with Cassius in Act I, Scene 2?
- d In discussing plans with the conspirators (Act II, Scene 1) what characteristics does he show?
- e What reasons does he give for joining the conspirators?
- f After the assassination does he manifest the spirit shown in his words, "O, that we could come by Cæsar's spirit and not dismember Cæsar"?
- g What effect did joining the conspirators have upon Brutus as a man?
- h According to Titinius, whose fault was it that the battle of Philippi was lost?
- i In his famous oration, to what elements in *The People* does Brutus appeal?
- j Is he a politician? Give reasons.
- k Is he a statesman? Give reasons.
- l Is he a general? Give reasons.
- m Is he a true patriot? Give reasons.
- n What characteristics does he show in his attitude toward Portia?
- o What in his treatment of the boy Lucius all through the play?
- p What is Brutus's philosophy concerning suicide? According to his own theory, is he courageous or cowardly to take his own life?
- q Brutus is usually considered the great character of the play; is his life a failure or a success? Why?
- r Brutus has been called the Sphinx of the play? Why?
- s Make a list of the contradictions in his character.
- t Make a synopsis of his oration. What point do you think had the greatest effect upon *The People*?

u Brutus says: "As I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death." Is this his reason for falling upon his sword after the battle of Philippi?

14 Make a list in parallel columns of the characteristics of Brutus and Cassius.

15 Make a list of the points upon which Cassius and Brutus differ. Who always yields to the other? Whose judgment is better?

16 The tent scene, or quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, has ever been considered one of the finest scenes in the play. What is the object of it? How does it bring out each of the characters? Does it forward the dramatic movement of the play?

17 According to history, Portia suffocated herself with hot coals in her grief on hearing of the death of Brutus. Do you see any dramatic purpose in placing her death first in the play?

18 *Antony.*

a What traits of Antony's character are revealed at the opening of the play?

b What traits does he display in conversation with Brutus and Cassius after Cæsar's death?

c In his famous oration, to what did he appeal in *The People*? Give the steps and arguments by which he reached his result.

d When Brutus appealed to *The People*, he carried them with him. When Antony followed, he immediately won them to his side. Had Antony have spoken first, would they have turned from Antony to Brutus?

e In settling affairs in the triumvirate (Act IV, Scene 1), what traits of character does Antony show?

f What traits does he show when he finds Brutus slain by his own hand?

g Antony could win *The People*. Could he win individual men? Cassius could win individual men; could he sway *The People*?

h Was Antony a true patriot?

19 Who is the political man of the play? The moral man? The non-moral man?

20 What is the dramatic purpose of Act III, Scene 3?

21 Compare Brutus and Antony as men. Compare them as orators.

22 Name some of the elements of *Julius Caesar* that you feel help to make it the popular drama it has always been.



Outline and Questions

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